

## Science.

## The Pommeling Hammer.

A valuable medical work, recently published in London, by Richard Reece, which has not yet, however, been reprinted in the United States, furnishes the following singular article.

This simple instrument was invented by the late Admiral Henry, to pommel and rub parts of the body affected with rheumatism, or subject to gouty inflammation, and for invigorating absorbent vessels in cases of local deposits or diseased structure, in which it is desirable to bring the absorbents of the part into full action. By rubbing and occasionally pommeling different parts of the body which are subject to gouty and rheumatic attacks, Admiral Henry—who had for many years been a martyr to rheumatic gout—succeeded in not only curing it, but, by a perseverance in that practice after the malady was subdued, he succeeded in diminishing the sensibility or excitability of the nerves, and particularly of the membranes or joints, so as to render them unsuspensible of gouty or rheumatic action. By persisting regularly in the use of this system, the Admiral fancied he could render the muscles and nerves of the body so firm and inirritable as to prolong his life to three or four hundred years. He pommelled and rubbed the abdomen with such a degree of force as to act on the stomach and intestinal canal, and to its effects he attributed the regular state of the bowels, and the excellent condition of his digestive organs, having an excellent appetite, and being entirely free from any symptom of indigestion; but, unfortunately for the anticipated result of this system, which has, unquestionably, considerable merit, the Admiral could not apply it to the most important organs of the body; namely, the brain, the lungs, and the heart. The Admiral lived to the age of one hundred years, and for the last twenty-five years of his life was equal to considerable muscular exertions, often walking twenty-five miles in the course of the day, without experiencing the slightest fatigue, and enjoyed sound health. A similar mode of treating rheumatism and gout has been much recommended by Doctor Balfour of Edinburgh, who has published several cases in which it has completely succeeded. One great advantage arising from this system is, the cures it effects are generally permanent.

The Admiral being afflicted with cataract in both eyes, consulted Mr. Ware, who, finding them both ripe, advised him to have both extracted. He resolved to submit to the operation on one only, promising that if it succeeded he should operate on the other.

The operation having completely failed, the Admiral determined to apply his system of pommeling and rubbing—the eyelids being closed—to the other eye, which had the effect of bringing the absorbents into action, and the deceased lens was so completely removed, in the course of three months, that he had the power of reading small print.

## The Farm.

## FARMERS.

Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Job, the honest and upright patient, was a farmer, and his stern endurance has passed into a proverb.

Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy.

Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all.

Burns was a farmer, and the Muse found him at his plough, and filled his soul with poetry.

Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and present to the world a spectacle of human greatness.

To these names may be added a host of others, who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of the earth.

From the New England Farmer.

## Calendar for March.

MARCH, month of many weathers, wildly comes in hail, and snow, and rain, and threatening fumes.

From bank to bank, along the meadow lea,  
The river spreads, and shines a little sea.

WILLIAM HOWITT, in "The Book of the Seasons," says "March is a rude and boisterous month, possessing many of the characteristics of winter, yet awakening sensations perhaps more delicious than the two following

spring months; for it gives us the first announcement and taste of spring.

"There are occasional mornings in March when a lover of nature may enjoy, in a stroll, sensations not to be exceeded, or perhaps equalled, by anything which the full glory of summer can awaken." Now the first signs of the early spring appear in the snowdrops; they peep above the ground and try to show a flower; the yellow hellebore and the spring crocus appear in warm situations, and if, in regular form, give to the garden a brilliant aspect:

"Crocuses, like drops of gold,  
Studded on the deep brown mould;  
Snowdrops fair, like flakes of snow,  
And bright liverworts now blow."

Well did the poet call March the month of "many weathers," so changeable is it. Sometimes the tempest howls, driving flakes of snow through the air. At other times, the cold and sleety rain fall in torrents, carrying along with it the snow which it has melted in the mountains, and at other times the hoar frost lies thick and chill, and spreads its snowy mantle over the fields, while the deep blue sky, and the sun rising in the glowing east, without a cloud, speak deceitfully of to-morrow's softness and beauty. And in the beautiful verse of Mrs. Barbauld—

"Hardly now the snowdrop dares appear,  
The first pale blossom of the unripe year;  
As Flora's breath by some transforming power,  
Had changed an icicle into a flower;  
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,  
And winter lingers in its icy veins."

But there are interesting proofs of the advancing year. The day has increased in length, and the sun takes a wider sweep and darts more vertical beams. The buds begin to swell, the tops of the elm and white maple thicken wonderfully, while the catkins of the willow throw their elegant forms on the sight. In still days, and sunny places, under the friendly brush heap, or in the sheltered nook of the garden, the warbling sparrow regales us with its cheerful song, or the plaintive note of the bluebird is heard for a few moments from his old hollow branch in the morning.

Then, stronger suns warm up the bosom of the earth, new forms of vegetation appear; the gay dandelion dots the reluctant green, and the modest violets hold up their beautiful heads.

Now that we have briefly glanced at the grand movements of Nature, let us turn to some of our own, so humble compared with her imposing March.

Books.—All farmers have, or ought to have, trees—and they ought to understand something of their peculiar properties. Such as their comparative value for fuel or timber, or endurance as fencing materials. Well, EMERSON'S book on Trees and Shrubs, to a farmer who loves his calling, is more interesting than a political paper or the last novel. There is time now, before the evenings are short or the snow-flakes cease to fly, to give that book a perusal. If you intend to clean out those ditches, or have not quite decided to get up 50 cords of swamp mud next summer to experiment upon with guano, or lime, or salt, these blustering March days and evenings will afford a fine opportunity to bring your decision up to the sticking point, by reading Dana's Muck Manual, the American Muck Book, or several others full of safe teachings.

SCIENCE.—Is a humbug, is it? Ah, no. We are all indebted to it for the best comforts we enjoy. No man is already more deeply indebted to its teachings, or may still look forward with expectations of benefit from it, than the farmer. It is merely making the head work instead of the hands. Its iron thews and sinews do not ache or tire. It is but "knowledge methodically digested and arranged—a liberal art." And the springs of the hills, or the sunshine of Heaven, have been no more liberal to the farmer, than this much contemned science! There is still time left in March to understand it better.

MANURE.—While the mornings are frosty and the ground frozen for a few hours, the opportunity should be improved to cart out manure and drop it in heaps of convenient access to the mass where it is to be used. The heaps should be covered with muck or loam, and occasionally overhauled, and thoroughly pulverized and mingled. It is an error to use coarse and crude manures; the finer they are made, the more generally will they be diffused through the soil, and give off their fertilizing properties to the delicate roots in search of sustenance. It is therefore labor well repaid to get manure into compact heaps, bring it in-

to slight fermentation, and work it over until it is reduced so fine as to be easily worked with the shovel.

SEED POTATOES.—Sort and collect such potatoes as are intended for seed; also prepare the seed corn, and all garden seeds, that no time may be lost when the earth is waiting to receive them, and when you feel the day is scarcely long enough to accomplish what you desire.

THE WOOD PILE.—Money invested in a year's stock of good wood, so that it may always be had dry, is better than in 6 per cent. stocks. In this estimate we do not take the item of good temper into the account at all, but look at it merely in a financial manner. Then let it be cut, split, and if it can be put under cover where a draft can pass through it, piled before the month closes. Such fuel has a wonderful tendency to keep peace in the kitchen!

THE STOCK.—Perhaps at no season does the stock require more attention than in this month—especially cows that are coming in. They should not be exposed to sudden changes—sleet, snow, sunshine and high winds. Feed liberally, and use the card gently, but freely.

But enough for March. Seed time has been promised us. Soon the earth will unfold her ample bosom to receive our labors, and we must be ready to accept her favors, which, if once neglected, cannot be recalled.

From the New England Farmer.

## The Cultivation of Flowers.

BY J. REYNOLDS, M.D.

Said an excellent and kind-hearted old man to me, one day, on observing some flowers in the window, "I love to see these about a house. They show that there is good feeling within, that there is taste, a regard for the feelings of others, that the mind is not wholly wrapped up in love or self." And is it not so? Where you see a fine collection of flowers in or about a house, well trained and cultivated, and where you see the daughters, aye, and the sons too, taught to love them and watch over them and protect them from enemies and injuries, do you not feel assured that the mistress of the house is a lady of taste, that she has an eye for the beauties of nature, that she has other sources of pleasure besides money and dress and display? Do you not feel that she has a soul endowed with some of the finer sensibilities of our nature, and that she is developing and cultivating these sensibilities in her children? Do you not expect to find in the mind of the woman who has a love for these delicate and beautiful objects of nature, a nice sense of propriety, a strong and ardent love of truth, and a keen and quick perception of moral beauty? Would you not commit your daughters to the instruction of the woman who possesses a strong love for flowers, other things being equal, rather than to her who has no taste for their delicate forms, and blushing and almost speaking beauties.

I have been in the habit of associating a love for flowers, and for the more delicate beauties of nature, with all that is refined and tender and lovely in woman, and indeed, it is because there is a finer tone in the feelings of the female heart, that she so much more frequently than man possesses a keen relish for the modest pearl drops, the brilliant gems, the delicate hues, the rich, blushing tints, the beautiful commingling of light and shade, which the pencil of nature has scattered so profusely around us.

Man seizes the bolder and stronger features of the landscape—the noble tree—the lofty mountains—the broad expanse—the flowing river—the rolling wave; but woman indistinctly loves flowers. They speak to her heart, and commune with it in language of their own, of all that is tender, and gentle and kind and provident and patient and loving in nature, and she feels that her heart is made better by the sweet communion, and she is inspired by it with strength and patience, and fitness for the tasks of life. They are the beautiful and most appropriate instruments employed by her kind Father above to give birth to loving thoughts in her heart, from which overflow to all around her, gentle words and the sweet charities of life.

fair country-women, such instances are but rarely seen. The error is usually in the opposite direction. Sufficient time and attention are not given to this charming pursuit; a pursuit full of beauty and health for the body and of improvement to the mind and the heart.

Let husbands and fathers see to it that they never discourage a taste for the cultivation of flowers. Rather let them furnish all the facilities within their power. Every wife and every daughter, however lowly her lot in life, may cherish a rose or train a sweet pea or a morning glory. Let no father or husband frown upon such an exhibition of taste and love for nature, as he values a sunny smile, a cheerful tone, a gentle tone, and a loving heart.

Every farmer can provide the neat border, or the warm sunny patch, (and let him not grudge the time or labor of its preparation) where the modest crocus, the lily of the valley, the sweet violet, and the gay tulip may spring up to meet the coming birds, where the mignonette—the sweet balsam, the pink and the rose may mingle their perfumes at dewy eve, and the rich, evervarying tints of the amaranth, the dahlia, the aster and the chrysanthemum, may recall the more delicate hues and the sweeter blossoms of spring. There shall lessons of gentleness, of cheerfulness, of contentment, of love of home be read by loving eye, and garnered up with the hearts treasures, in the store house of memory, to be repeated around the cheerful hearth—when the wintry blasts and the drifting snows, shall have rendered alike bleak and desolate, the garden and the field. And when the frosts of age shall have whitened the locks and furrowed the brow, the sweet scenes of youth, still fragrant with the breath of flowers, shall gush up from the deep memories of the past. The influence of flowers upon the young heart is never wholly lost.

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will, But the scent of the roses will hank round it still."

Concord, Feb. 1853.

J. R.

FINE PORK.—We recently noticed a lot of nine Suffolk hogs at the stall of Mr. Richards in Faneuil Hall Market, weighing respectively 263, 256, 392, 318, 351, 236, 309, 252, and 229, fatted and sent in by J. L. LOVERING, Esq., of Hartford, Vt. These hogs were pronounced by those accustomed to the porkers as the best lot seen in our market this season. They were selected for fattening, as they lacked some of the fine points for which Mr. Lovering's swine are famous. The one giving the largest weight above was a sow who gave a litter of pigs in September last.

The Suffolks which we have frequently obtained for our friends were from this gentleman's stock.—N. E. Farmer.

ELIJAH M. REED, of Tewksbury, informs us that he is now making butter from his Ayrshire cow, and obtains one pound from four quarts of milk! She was on exhibition at the Middlesex Show in October last, and was then an animal of fine appearance. He did not state to us the manner of feeding in obtaining this product. One cow producing this amount must be of as much value as two, at least, ordinary cows.—Ib.

## PUSH.

Push along. Push hard. Push earnestly. It's the way your sound and hearty mortals do. And you can't do without it. The world is so made, society is so constructed, that it is a law of necessity that you must push. That is, if you would be something and somebody.

Who succeeds? Who makes money, honour, and reputation? He who heartily, sincerely, ardently, manfully pushes, and he only. Be what you may at the top or bottom of the scale, you've got to push in to command success. It's so with every man. Do you point to what is called the man of genius. And think you he don't push. Why, he's your companion pusher, he pushes all the time. It's the very philosophy of his height and power. We say no man can, or does get along without it—style him genius or commoner, lofty or humble by nature.

Push along. Push a strong push, and a perpetual push. All see the power in it. See how it gains, accumulates, whether of wisdom or wealth. We never knew a man—and we've known hundreds—who was a right smart pusher, who did not finally become rich, respectable, wise and useful. The fact is, you are mortally sure to become so if you push—push like real live, determined, up-and-down man.

If things look dark, push the harder. Sunshine and blue sky are just beyond. If you are entangled, push; if your heart grows feeble, push, push. You'll come out glorious, never fear. You are on the right track, and working with the right material.

No man is free who cannot command himself.